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ST MARTIN'S LE GRAND.

A WIDE and a pleasant range has the writer, be he antiquary, historian, or novelist, who makes old London his theme. He can wander at will, if not over a vast expanse, yet along the track of eighteen long centuries, and lay them all under contribution. And how numerous and picturesque are the associations which cluster around the actual remains, the veritable relics—alas, how few!—of old London; nor less numerous or picturesque are those of which the name alone, preserved throughout many a change, recalls the past history. The street may be modern from one end to the other, but the ancient title rebuilds the ancient houses, and calls up their ancient inhabitants, and old London rises up before us. Gilt-spur Street, Knight-ridor Street—what have these names to do with the nineteenth century! Paternoster Row, Ave-Maria Lane! When did either "Ave" or "Paternoster" drop from lip of the present inhabitants! When did "Amen" echo in Amen Corner! But in spite of modern changes we recur to the ancient site, and just as when we pass through those dark and narrow courts, where the mignonette in the spoutless tea-pot puts forth but a straggling flower, and the dwarfed "London pride" looks humble indeed, we discover from the name "Cherry-tree Court," "Green-arbour Alley," that the dull, sunless place, was actually, centuries ago, the site of one of those fair gardens which made glad the very heart of London—even so, recalled by the name, Paternoster Row again becomes the mart of scribes and illuminators; the knight again sweeps along Knight-ridor Street, and again does Gilt-spur Street present the gay procession of fairest damsels, each leading her knight by his silver chain, towards Richard II.'s tournament in Smithfield.

But of all those localities, of which the name alone recalls its past history, few have undergone a more total change than St Martin's le Grand. What is St Martin's le Grand!—where is St Martin's le Grand!—where may the stranger say. The two churches close beside are dedicated to St Anne and St Botolph, "le Grand" too! Nothing is on a large scale here, but the Post-office; and of such an establishment, neither St Martin or his votaries ever dreamt. No, not a vestige remains of that proud structure, the Priory of St Martin's le Grand, nor of the labyrinthine courts that succeeded to its name. All have been swept away, and in their place we behold the wide street, the tall houses, and the most extensive establishment for the transmission of letters in the world. What a change is this from the time when the venerable wall, said to have been built by Constantine, girdled in the city, and, just within the northern gate, the noble convent, founded, or perhaps re-founded, by the brothers Ingelric and Girard, arose! It was just before the Norman Conquest that its foundation took place; and the accession of William to the crown bestowed on it additional benefits. From him it received its first charter; for William, during the first years of his reign, was anxious to conciliate his new subjects, and more especially the inhabitants of London. His charter is dated on Christmas day 1068, and he styles himself in the preamble "by the grace of God, and by the inheritance of blood, King of the Angles, and Ruler and Duke of the Normans." The whole is very characteristic. He grants "all the land and the moor beyond the little postern which is called Cripplegate, from the north corner of the city wall, according as the rivulet of springs marks the distance, and as far as the running water which enters the city." How characteristic of rude times!—no land-surveying, no actual admeasurement, but the "running water" marks the

extent of the gift—the "running water," that now, silently flowing underneath, supplies, perchance, three or four parish pumps.

A confirmation of this charter was granted on Pentecost day, "when Matilda, my wife, was consecrated queen;" and in this the Conqueror, "under the sign of the holy cross," recapitulates his gifts: and "I, Matilda, the queen, have granted consent;" "I, Richard, son of the king, have added consent;" "I, Stigand, archbishop, have confirmed;" and thus, by about a score of illustrious names, is the assent awarded in as many different phrases.

That an establishment so highly patronised should have rapidly risen into importance, is not surprising. The title of "le Grand" was soon after added, on account of its abundant privileges, and it numbered among its deans many of the most illustrious scholars and statesmen of their time. Peter of Savoy, cousin to Edward I.; Walter Skirlaw, a learned professor of the canon law, and afterwards Bishop of Durham; William of Wykeham, that illustrious statesman and architect—he who, in Winchester Cathedral, and above all, in Windsor Castle, built himself a glorious monument—all, in early life, had the rule of this splendid establishment. Nor did it reject the offerings of the citizens. Hither the oldest company in London, the saddlers, duly came, each St Martin's day, with taper and offering; and here, on the death of each member, a funeral service was performed, and the knell tolled, for which "eight pennies," then equal to 12s., were paid.

But thither also, and not in proud array or in solemn procession, came the outlaw—worn and wearied, perchance faint and dying, yet rallying his wasted strength to pass that boundary, which separated the sanctuary ground from the common earth around him; and in earlier days, how often must the fair towers of St Martin, rising proudly above Aldredgate, have seemed like the distant haven of the tost mariner, to the infringer of the sanguinary forest laws, to the prisoner escaped from the bondage of the fierce noble, to the widow who fled with her children from the tyranny of her feudal lord. But this protection, valuable as it undoubtedly was in an age of barbarous usages and imperfect civilisation, became ere long an intolerable nuisance. The great charter was won; the forest charter—emphatically the charter of the people—was soon added, and little was the shelter of the sanctuary needed for those who had the protection of a common law. But that right which invested the precincts of the convent with a sacred inviolability, was too precious in clerical estimation to be hastily laid aside, and the sanctuary still opened its gates.

And a constant source of annoyance from henceforth did St Martin's le Grand become to the municipal authorities, but especially to the "Worshipful Guild of the Goldsmiths." This important company, one of the most ancient as well as illustrious, had, even in Saxon times, its hall close adjoining. Leofstan, the goldsmith, who was "portree" of the city in the Conqueror's reign, lived at Cripplegate; Guthuron, the goldsmith, gave his name to Gutter Lane; and the Frowys and the Flaels of later times dwelt hard by. And the reader will be surprised to learn, that more than five hundred years ago, each goldsmith was compelled to bring his gold and silver articles, even as at the present day, to be marked at the hall with the "lybard's hede." Now, whether vicinity to the goldsmiths, or whether the situation of St Martin's just within the city gate, was the cause, we know not, but so it was, the sanctuary of St Martin soon became as extensive a workshop for counterfeit jewellery, as Birmingham in modern times. It was in vain that

the wardens of the company sent their beadles to search for "contrefeyt broches, ringis, beadis, and other dyseeytful thingis;" the cunning rogues obtained notice of their coming, and none were to be found. It was in vain that on the eve of St Bartholomew the wardens proceeded along Westcheap and into Lombard Street, and on the morrow made diligent search at the fair in Smithfield, that no copper-gilt jewellery, and no plate unmarked with the "lybard's hede," should be sold. Scarcely had the worshipful deputation turned their backs, ere an abundant supply of counterfeit jewellery, at "wonderfully low prices," instantly made its appearance, though no one could tell from whence. And riotous men, too, often took up their abode in St Martin's Sanctuary, and, sallying out from thence, created serious disturbances. Indeed, so serious an annoyance was this sanctuary found to be at the beginning of the fifteenth century, that the municipal authorities used every effort for its suppression. It speaks well for the city police of these days, that with such a den of thieves at their north gate, peace should have been so well preserved; but London, under the Plantagenets, possessed a far more efficient constabulary than under the Tudors and Stuarts. There was the marching watch, armed men that patrolled the city during the night, and a standing watch, not composed of Dogberry's "ancient and most quiet watchmen," but of tall men, who would not only bid any man "stand, in the prince's name," but knock him down if he refused.

Still, the fact of there being such a place of refuge for "stoute masterless menne," within their very jurisdiction, was most irritating to the city authorities. Many a lord mayor "pithily" remarked upon the incongruity of holy men giving shelter to such a "rascaille company," and many a town-clerk learned in the laws of King Mulmutius (a very apocryphal monarch, but not the less important personage on that account with our forefathers), quoted Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the "Custom of London," and demanded that Troynouvant should have all that full and unquestioned authority, within her walls, "that was used and had in the city of old Troy." Little did dean and canons heed remarks of the lord mayor, or authorities of the town-clerk. They had authority on their side against his authorities, and they began with the first council of Clermont and went on to the fifteenth century, and threatened, in the very words of their charter, their opponents with the doom of "Judas the traitor." But the civic magistrates heeded little, as those in the nineteenth century, these denunciations; and therefore to try the question, in 1440, their officers forcibly entered the sanctuary, and seized a prisoner who had been rescued from their custody. A suit was consequently instituted by the convent; and Master Markham, and Master John Carpenter, the town-clerk (he to whom London owes the establishment of the City of London School in Milk Street), right learnedly answered on behalf of the city. But the authorities in favour of St Martin's privileges were too strong to be rejected, and judgment was given in its favour. Aware, however, of the mischievous influence of the right which yet they could not abrogate, the king's council, in 1451, put forth "ordinances," intended to bring the sanctuary men rather more within the limits of the law. These enact, that each man claiming sanctuary shall come before the dean and be registered; that all weapons in his possession shall be given up, except the knife at the girdle, which at this period was used to cut food. But the fierce character of these men is forcibly hinted in the direction that the point of the knife shall be broken off, lest it should be used as an offensive weapon. They

are commanded to give up all property on their entering; it is enacted, that careful search shall be made whether any of them are artificers in counterfeit jewellery; and the gates of the Sanctuary are directed to be kept closed from nine at night until six in the morning. These rules probably, to a certain extent, effected their object; and that, during the wars of the Roses, a more respectable class occasionally took up their residence there, we have testimony in the letters of Master Ebboworth, the scribe (which the reader will find in that delightful collection, the Paston Letters), who, after having pursued his calling for some years in Paternoster Row, was compelled by pecuniary difficulties to take sanctuary here. In one of his letters, after earnestly entreating his "worshipful master" to pay his bill, he adds, that it will be a most charitable act, "for I lie here in seynturie at sore costes."

But the shelter afforded by sanctuaries, even to debtors, was soon felt to be a grievous injury to the public. In Sir Thomas More's own words, which, in his *Richard the Third*, he assigns to the Duke of Buckingham, "Unthriftes ryot, and run in dette, upon the boldness of these places; yea, and rich men runne thither with poore menne's goodes; there they builde, there they spende, and bidde their creditours goe whistle them." The suppression of this establishment was therefore well pleasing to the inhabitants of the city; and soon after its surrender in 1545 to Edward VI., the church was pulled down, and a large wine tavern erected upon the east end.

But, ere long, the inhabitants of London found that, although the church and conventual offices were pulled down, and although there were no longer dean and canons, still the mischievous right of sanctuary continued in almost the same force, and that "chamber goldsmiths," who mixed copper in undue proportion with their gold, and foreigners, many of whom were "suspect persons," crowded the narrow courts and mean tenements that now occupied the ancient site. Nor was this place, even in its new arrangement, deficient in those riotous men who set civil and municipal laws at defiance. Master Stow, to whom we are indebted for so many a curious piece of information, tells us that these boldly refused to pay the city dues; and that in times of infection—which, in the sixteenth century, was generally once or twice during every hot summer—when the "searchers" set the red cross, that "taken" so dreaded, on their doors, they "struck it out," and drove off the men appointed to keep watch outside, declaring that no power should keep them in doors against their will. We may almost find an excuse for this, when we look at the map of London at this period, and see how each narrow court was intersected by one yet narrower; and then mark the wide and open space which extended almost from Aldersgate—the fair slopes of meadow-land, the rich corn-fields, the beautiful gladsome country, so delightful to the pent-up Londoner, and which the inhabitant of St Martin's le Grand could catch a glimpse of from his garret-window. Surely, with green fields almost at his door, panting with fever and worn with noise and strife, can we wonder that the denizen of "Four Dove Court," "Round Court," or even of "King's Arms Alley," should refuse to obey the injunction of the "worshipful lord mayor," even, perchance, of the "queen's majesty," and, listening to a higher authority, obey the voice of nature, and go forth!

But low and disreputable as were many of the inhabitants, there were others of a widely different class. Our forefathers, indeed, seem to have had none of that shrinking horror of a "low neighbourhood" which it is now the fashion to express. The mansion of the Dukes of Brittany (and two of these married king's daughters) was right over against the sanctuary gate; and after the suppression of the convent, Northumberland House was built close beside. It is not of nobles, however, that we have to speak, but of those great promoters of our modern literature, the printers of the sixteenth century. From the time that Caxton set up his first printing-press in Westminster Abbey, these seem always to have chosen the vicinity of religious establishments; and Whitefriars, Blackfriars, and the Greyfriars, in the reign of Henry VIII., were their chief localities. And St Martin's le Grand and its vicinity also boasted some illustrious names. Thomas Gualtier, in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, dwelt in "Seynt Marten's," and printed one of the editions of Tyndale's New Testament, and that favourite collection of tales which our forefathers so greatly delighted in, "Reynarde the Foxe," and had a license to print French books too. And then, more extensively known than he, John Walley dwelt just beside, in Foster Lane, at the sign of the Hart's Horn. And numerous were the customers that flocked to his unglazed penthouse-like shop; for John Walley printed almanacs, and he printed the "Hundred Merrie Tales," from whence Beatrix complains they said she had stolen her wit; and "Sir Eglamore of Artoys," a choice metrical romance, and the "Boke of Hawkyng," and *Æsop's Fables in English*. Indeed, John Walley appears to have been quite the publisher of polite literature; and doubtless many a ruffled and pantofled gallant visited the "Hart's Horn" in Foster Lane, to inquire after some new book of "ryght pleasant reading;" nor did he want for graver customers, for, in conjunction with Cawood, he printed the whole works of Sir Thomas More.

But the most illustrious inhabitant of this neighbourhood was John Daye—the John Daye, bookseller,

printer, and typefounder—for there was not much division of labour in those early days; he who brought the Greek letter to greater perfection than any English printer; who first cast types for the Saxon, and who naturalised the Italic letter among us. A good scholar was John Daye, in an age when scholarship meant no mean attainments. And he first dwelt in St Sepulchre's parish, at the sign of the Resurrection; but about 1548, he took up his abode "over Aldersgate," and opened his shop below; and took for his device a rising sun, and a boy awakening a sleeping boy, with the motto, "Aryse, for it is daye!"—a marvellously clever motto in that age of puns and quibbles, and of which probably he was scarcely less proud than of his fount of Saxon type and his best wood-cuts. And for between thirty and forty years did this ingenious and enterprising printer dwell "above Aldersgate," and keep his shop under the gate; and from thence issued many a valuable work—Gildas, Walsingham, and other of the Latin chronicles; the sermons of the chief reformers; all Archbishop Parker's works—for Parker was his great patron—and Dean Nowell's works, and Foze's Acts and Monuments, and his Book of Martyrs, and the "whole booke of Psalmes, with notes apte to syng them;" and many a smaller work, too—the "Floure of Godly Praier," and the "Pomaund of Praier," and "A Disclosure of the Monster Bull that Roared at ye Bishop's gate"—for John Daye seems to have been well aware of the benefit of a "taking title." But lighter literature also claimed his services. Derrick's curious "Image of Irelande" was printed by him, and Tusser's "Points of Goode Husbandrie," and Sackville's stately tragedy, "Ferrex and Porrex," which, as he says in his characteristic preface, had been surreptitiously "put forth the exceedingly corrupted," but that now being "newly apperelled, trimmed, and attired, in such form as she was before, I have harbored her for her friends' sake and her own; and I do not doubt her parentes, the authors, will not now be discontent if she goe abroad among you, good readers, so it be in honest company." Still, if she is to be "quarrelled with by envious persons, she, poor gentlewoman, will surely play Lucresse's part, and of herself die of shame, and I shall wish she had tarried at home with me, where she was welcome; for she did never put me to more charge, but this one poor blacke gowne, lined with white, that I have now given her to goe abroade withale." But the fate which Master John Daye deprecates with such quiet humour, did not befall his little book; it passed through several editions, and was acted, and read, and quoted, even down to the period when Shakspeare had shown the world what a magnificent poem the historical drama might become.

How much may we lament that there was no Boswell in those days to chronicle the right learned conversations of the celebrated men who often met together in the little shop beneath Aldersgate! Nowell, Dean of St Pauls; Jewel, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury; Robert Crowley, the literary victim of Cripple-gate, who had himself not refused to exercise the calling of a printer; and John Foxe, Daye's most intimate friend; and the right learned Master Camden, perchance Master Stow, and the lofty and polished Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and homely and quaint Master Tusser, and Derrick, with his marvellous tales of the wild Irish, and their long hair and long spears, and undoubted familiarity with the evil one. What a picture of that transition age—of its fierce political, and fiercer religious feelings—of its intense yearnings after knowledge—of its ardent enthusiastic scholarship, would not a few scattered pages from such a journal present! But with his increasing trade, John Daye sought about for another shop. In 1572, Strype informs us he had between two and three thousand pounds' worth of stock, and that his brother booksellers, jealous of the prosperity which he so well deserved, endeavoured to hinder the sale of his works. He therefore determined to open a second shop, in a more public thoroughfare—an incidental proof this of the general taste for reading, since it shows that the bookseller depended much upon casual customers. By license of the dean and chapter, he set up a little shop in St Paul's Churchyard, which was "low, flat-roofed, and leaded like a terrace, and railed and posted for men to stand upon, at any triumph or show." This cost the large sum of from £40 to £50; but his rivals again attacked him, and induced the lord mayor to forbid its erection, probably as encroaching on the footpath; but the archbishop complained to the council, and even "prayed the queen to set her hand to certain letters." This was sufficient for the city authorities, who were almost as well acquainted with the force of the "sic volo" of the haughty lord of Canterbury, as with that of his royal mistress; they immediately withdrew their prohibition, and John Daye took possession of his flat-roofed shop. From henceforth all went well with our worthy printer. He died in 1584, at his house over Aldersgate (apartments we should rather call them), and was buried in the church of Bradley Parva, in Suffolk, where his "lively effigies," with fluted ruff and long beard, and an epitaph of "choice Latin," may still be seen.

The district during the seventeenth century maintained its ancient character. Although not so turbulent as Ahatia, nor so celebrated as an abode of "masterless men," as the sanctuary at Westminster, it was still far from respectable; and from the number of taverns near at hand, it was a locality much dreaded by parents and masters, for their sons

and apprentices. At the beginning of last century, Newcourt describes it as the resort of foreigners, and of persons engaged in dishonest callings, and adds, in allusion to its ancient ecclesiastical character, that from a house of prayer, it had indeed become a den of thieves. A better system of police soon after abated this nuisance, and to the time of the erection of the new Post-office, it maintained a character of average respectability. That erection has swept away every relic of St Martin's le Grand; and standing on its site, we can scarcely imagine that almost eight centuries ago the tall gate, the massive wall, the noble convent, with its extensive offices, were there; that westward the mansion of the Duke of Brittany arose, and eastward the "rivulet of springs" flowed past the little church, which then bore the picturesque name of St Anne's in the Willows; and still less would they who gazed on that scene recognise it now. And the destination of each place is changed; save that the little church still opens its doors each sabbath, and Goldsmiths' Hall still remains. Yes, the massive wall, the stately convent, the lordly mansion, are all cast down; but the place for the pursuit of trade, and the place for religious worship, are there as of old—telling the nineteenth century, even as they told past generations, that amid all the fluctuations of human affairs, all the advances of social life, religion and industry—our duty to God and our duty towards man—must ever be unchanged.

MISS SEDGWICK'S "LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO KINDRED AT HOME."

MISS SEDGWICK, who, we believe, stands at the head of the list of living female American writers, has lately performed a journey, with various members of her family, through England, part of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; and the result of her observations is now imparted to the world in a work under the above title.* On looking over her pages, we see little that is new, or of any particular importance, but much that is pleasing, from the gentleness of the writer's feelings, and her love for every thing which appears likely to favour the improvement and happiness of mankind. Referring readers to the volumes themselves, as highly deserving of perusal, we present two or three anecdotic sketches, as a partial specimen of the contents:—

GERMAN POLITENESS.

In travelling through the countries on the Upper Rhine, the authoress is enthusiastic in her admiration of the cheerfulness and orderliness of habits among the Germans, and, by way of contrast, occasionally throws out a sneer at the berish manners of English travellers whom she encountered.

"The perfect blending of self-respect with deference, of freedom with courtesy, in the manners of the subordinate classes in Germany, puzzles me. They are, as you perceive by the rate of wages, quite as dependent on their employers as in England, but I have never seen an instance of cringing servility or insolence. The servants are indefatigable in their attendance, grateful for a small gratuity, and always meet your social overtures frankly and cheerfully. A seamstress sewed for us for two or three weeks, a quiet, modest, and respectful girl; when she parted from us, she kissed us all, including R—, not our hands, but fairly on the cheek—a demonstration to which, as she was young and very pretty, neither he nor you would object.

I bought some trunks at Frankfurt of a man who, when we had closed our traffic, asked me to go up stairs and look at his rooms, and the picture of his wife; and when he saw my pleasure in his very clean well-furnished home, he said it was all their own earning; that they had not much, but they had contented minds, and 'that made a little go a great way.' When he brought home the trunks, he brought his two little boys to see us. I could tell you fifty similar anecdotes, which all go to prove that the bond of brotherhood is sound and strong among them.

The family ties seem to be very strictly maintained. Children are kept much longer in subordination to their parents, and dependence on them, than we have any notion of. The period of minority may be almost said to extend through the parents' life. A very clever German woman lamented to me the effect of an English education upon the habits of her son. And, by the way, she considered his reluctance to submit to the restraints of his father's house, and his notion of complete independence and escape from the thralldom of his minority, to have been perfected by a year's travel in America. After telling me that he had refused to occupy a suite of apartments in his father's house, because he could not submit to be asked, 'Where were you yesterday?' 'Where do you go to-morrow?' she concluded with, 'But I have nothing to complain of—he is a very good young man, but he is no longer a German. We should have foreseen this when we sent him to England. We cannot expect, if we plant cabbages, they will come up potatoes.'

The strict union of families seems to me to be promoted by the general cultivation of music. I say seems to me, my dear C—; for, conscious of my very

* Two volumes. Moxon, London. 1841.

Limited opportunities of observation, I give you my impressions with unaffected diffidence. Almost every member of a family is in some sort a musical performer, and thus is domesticated the most social and exciting of the arts. You would be astonished at the musical cultivation in families where there is no other accomplishment.

I leave this country with an interest, respect, and attachment, that I did not expect to feel for any country after leaving England. I rather think the heart grows by travelling! I feel richer for the delightful recollections I carry with me of the urbanity of the Germans. Never can I forget the 'guten tag,' 'guten abend,' and 'gute nacht' ('good-day,' 'good-evening,' and 'good-night'), murmured by the soft voices of the peasants from under their drooping loads as we passed them in our walks. Addison says that the general salutations of his type of all benignity, Sir Roger de Coverley, came from the 'overflowings of humanity'—so surely did these. On the whole, the Germans seem to me the most rational people I have seen. We never 'are,' but always 'to be blessed.' They enjoy the present, and, with the truest economy of human life, make the most of the materials of contentment that God has given them. Is not this better than vague, illimitable desires, and ever-changing pursuits?"

In another place, the authoress takes occasion to contrast the politeness of the Germans with the too frequent rudeness of manner among the English. "The English race, root and branch, are, what with their natural shyness, their conventional reserves, and their radical uncourteousness, cold and repelling. The politeness of the French is conventional. It seems in part the result of their sense of personal grace, and in part of a selfish calculation of making the most of what costs nothing; and partly, no doubt, it is the spontaneous effect of a vivacious nature. There is a deep-seated humanity in the courtesy of the Germans. They always seem to be feeling a gentle pressure from the cord that interlaces them with their species. They do not wait, as Schiller says, till you 'freely invite' to 'friendly stretch out a hand,' but the hand is instinctively stretched out, and the kind deed ready to follow it. This suavity is not limited to any rank or condition. It extends all the way down from the prince to the peasant. Some of our party, driving out in a hackney-coach yesterday, met some German ladies in a coach with four horses, postilions, footmen in livery, and other marks of rank and wealth. What would Americans have done in a similar position? Probably looked away, and seemed unconscious. And English ladies would have done the same, or, as I have seen them in Hyde Park, have leaned back in their carriages, and stared with an air of mingled indifference and insolence through their eye-glasses, as if their inferiors in condition could bear to be stared at. The German ladies bowed most courteously to the humble strangers in the hackney-coach."

Without disputing the truth of some of these observations, we fear that the Germans are only polite within the range of their own methodic routine of manners and duties; at any rate, we beg leave to say that such gross selfishness and ill-breeding as are displayed in the following narrative of what occurred in a German steam-boat, could not have taken place in any part of England—no, not among the rudest of its people:—

SCENE IN A RHINE STEAMER.

"We were delighted on getting down to 'the Angel' to see the 'Victoria' puffing up the Rhine; for, to confess the truth, now that the feast of our eyes and imaginations was over, we began to feel the cravings of our grosser natures. There is no surer sharpener of the appetite than a long mountain ride in a cool morning. The Niederwald, the Hohle, the Rosel, all were forgotten in the vision of the pleasantest of all repasts—a dinner on the deck of a Rhine steamer. It was just on the stroke of one when we reached the Victoria. The table was laid, and the company was gathering with a certain look of pleased expectation, and a low murmur of sound much resembling that I have heard from your barnyard family when you were shelling out corn to them. The animal nature is strongest at least once in the twenty-four hours! The Russian princess was the first person we encountered. 'Monsieur l'onson come again?' 'We'll not have a seat near her,' I whispered to the girls, as, with some difficulty, we doubled the end of the table which her enormous royal person occupied. 'No; farthest from her is best,' said K.; so we proceeded to the other extremity of the table, where we were met by the head waiter. 'Places for four, if you please,' said I. He bowed civilly, was 'very sorry, but there was no room.' 'Surely you can make room?' 'Impossible, madame! A moment's reflection convinced me that a German would not risk the comfort of one guest by crowding in another, so I said, 'Well, give us a table to ourselves.' 'I cannot; it is impossible!' 'What!' exclaimed the girls, 'does he say we cannot have places? Do order a lunch, then; I am starved.' 'And so am I.' 'And I.' My next demand showed how narrowed were our prospects. 'Then,' said I, 'I'll ask for nothing more if you will give me some bread and butter, and a bottle of wine!' 'Afterward, afterward, madame,' he replied, his German patience showing some symptoms of diminution; 'afterward lunch, dinner, or what you please; but now it is impossible.' Soon, touched by their misery, and urged

by my own, I once more intercepted the inexorable youth, and mustering all my eloquence, I told him he had no courtesy for ladies, no 'sentiment'; that he would have to answer for the deaths of those three blooming young women, &c. &c. He smiled, and I thought relented; but the smile was followed with a definite shake of the head, and away he went to perform well, duties divided between half a dozen half-bred waiters in our country. Nothing remained for us but to submit. In a Hudson River steamer (we remembered regretfully our national dispatch) the 'afterward' would have been time enough—at most, an affair of half an hour's waiting, but the perspective of a German's meandering through his 'meridian' was endless. Besides, we were to land at Bieberich in two or three hours, so, 'ladies most dejected,' we sat ourselves down in the only vacant place we could find, close to the head of the table. The people, for the most part, had taken their seats; here and there a chair awaited some loiterer; but one dropped in after another, and my last faint hope that, after all, the waiter would distribute us among them, faded away. There was some delay, and even those seated with the sweet security of dinner, began to lose something of their characteristic serenity. There was a low growl from two English gentlemen near us, and the Germans beside us began mumbling their rolls. 'Ah,' thought I, 'if ye who have been, as is your wont, feeding every half hour since you were out of bed, sitting lazily at your little tables here, could feel 'the thorny point of our distress,' you surely would give us that bread?'

The soup came, and as each took his plate from the top to the bottom of the table, the shadows vanished from their faces as I have seen them pass from a field of corn as a cloud was passing off the sun. 'I should have been quite content,' said M., meekly, 'with a plate of soup on our laps.' 'Yes,' said L., in a faltering voice, 'I should be quite satisfied with soup and a bit of bread.' But away went the soup, no one heeding us but a fat German whose back was towards us, and who, comprehending our dilemma, felt nothing but the ludicrousness of it. He turned when he had swallowed his soup, and smiled significantly.

Next came the fat, tender bouilli, with its three satellites, potatoes, *à la maître d'hôtel*, cucumbers, and a fat compound called 'gravy.' 'I always relish the bouilli,' said K., faintly. Bouilli, potatoes, and cucumbers, were eaten in turn; a German has no sins of omission to answer for at table.

Then appeared the *entremets*—the croquets, sausages, tongue, the queenly cauliflower floating in butter, rouleaux of cabbage, macaroni, preparations of beans and sorrel, and other messes that have baffled all our investigation and guessing.

Now, fully to comprehend the prolongation of our misery, you must remember the German custom of eating each article of food presented, each separately, and lounging through a change of twenty plates, as if eating dinner comprehended the whole duty and pleasure of life. 'If they would only give us a bit of tongue!' said K., 'or a croquet,' said M., 'or just one sausage,' said L. But tongue, croquet, and sausage vanished within the all-devouring jaws, and again the emptied dishes were swept off, and on came salmon, tench, pike, and trout (served cold, and with bits of ice), and the delicious puddings. Now came my trial. The puddings, so light, so wholesome, with their sweet innocent fruit-sauces, are always my *poste restante* at a German dinner. But 'what was I to Hecuba, or Hecuba to me?' The pudding, in its turn, was all eaten, and our fat friend, wiping his mouth after the last morsel, turned round and laughed—yes, actually laughed; and we being at that point of nervousness when you must either cry or laugh, laughed too—rather hysterically.

Are you tired? I have described but the prefatory manoeuvring of the light troops. Now came the procession of joints, mutton, veal, and venison, interspersed with salads, stewed fruit, calves'-foot jelly, and blancmanges. 'Surely they might spare us one form of jelly,' said M.; 'or a blancmange,' said K.; but no—meat, jelly, and all were eaten, and again our stout friend looked round, with less animation this time, for he was beginning to resemble a pampered old house-dog who is too full to bark. The dessert appeared: apricots, cherries, mulberries, pears, and a variety of confectionery. The conductor appeared, too, with the *billets*. 'Surely,' I said, 'that is not Bieberich?' 'Pardon, madame, we are within a quarter of an hour of Bieberich.' 'It is a gone case!' I sighed out to the girls; and in truth we arrived before the Duke of Nassau's heavy palace just as the company, with the most provoking flush of entire satisfaction, were turning away from the table. We had learned to appreciate the virtue of those Lazaruses who, witnessing the feasting of the Dives, go hungry every day.

No such scene, we say, could have occurred in England, with all its repulsiveness. Some of the gentlemen would have risen, and given their places to the stranger ladies, or, at all events, would have insisted on their wants being supplied.

CROWN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Being at Milan, in northern Italy, she was anxious to see the famous crown of Charlemagne, kept at Monza, and deemed sacred from its being partly composed of the nails used in the crucifixion of Christ! 'This morning we set off on an excursion planned

for us by our kind friends, and came first, attended by G—a, to Monza, some eight or nine miles from Milan. This city, you know, is often named in the history of the Italian republics. It has now an imperial palace, where the viceroy occasionally lives, where he has a noble park, which, however, does not suffice for his royal hunts, and so there are additions to it, parings cut off from the grounds of the neighbouring gentlemen, called '*caccia riservata*,' which they must by no means intrude on. What thorns must these encroachments be to the impatient spirit of the Italians!

We went over the grounds; they are richly varied with artificial water, waterfalls, a grotto, &c. But the chief object of attraction at Monza is the famed iron crown of Lombardy. I felt, I confess, a keen desire to see it; for whatever doubts the sceptic may throw over the transmission of the veritable nails of the cross from St Helena to Queen Theolinda, which form the circlet of the iron crown, it was, beyond a doubt, once placed on the brow of Charlemagne and of Napoleon. It is kept in the Cathedral of Monza, a rare old edifice, with much barbaric ornament, and containing among its treasures some curious relics of Theolinda, the favourite queen of Lombardy. We scarcely 'improved the privilege' of seeing these things; and looked only at a ponderous fan with which her majesty must rather have heated than cooled herself, at a very indifferent dressing-comb with a richly jewelled handle, and at the sapphire cup, wrought from a single stone, in which her majesty pledged her second husband!

It was evident that our friends had made great efforts to obtain for us a sight of the real crown, and that very solemn observances were necessary to showing it, which we were quite incapable of appreciating. Several priests entered and put on their sacred robes. One knelt, while others placed a ladder against the wall to ascend to the shrine where, above the high altar, this crown is kept enclosed. Three locks were turned with golden keys. The kneeling priest flourished his silver censer; sending up a cloud of incense, and half veiled by it, a huge cross, resplendent with jewels, was brought down, and the sacred crown forming its centre was revealed to our profane eyes. The nails are made into a ring of iron, enclosed by a circlet of pure gold, studded with priceless jewels. In the arms of the cross, which is of wood covered with gold, are set, at short spaces apart, small glass-cases containing precious relics—the sponge and reed of the crucifixion, bits of the true cross, &c. The cross was restored to its position with a repetition of the ceremonies, the prayers, and the incense; and, finally, the principal official took off his robes one by one, and kissed each as he reverently folded it. I was glad when it was all over; for these religious ceremonies, where I am for ever vibrating between the humility of conscious ignorance and the pride of a superior liberty, are always painful to me.

SILVIO PELLICO.

While at Turin, Miss Sedgwick had an opportunity of visiting Silvio Pellico, whose long imprisonments by Austria, for an assumed political offence, are well known. "We have seen something here," says she, "that will probably interest you more than all the pictures in Italy—Silvio Pellico. He lives near Turin, as librarian to a certain marchesa. We wrote him a note, and asked the privilege of paying our respects to him, on the ground of being able to give him news of his friends, and our dear friends, the exiles who were his companions at Spielberg. He came immediately to us. He is of low stature, and slightly made: a sort of etching of a man, with delicate and symmetrical features; just enough body to gravitate and keep the spirit from its natural upward flight—a more shadowy Dr Channing! His manners have a sweetness, gentleness, and low tone, that correspond well with his spiritual appearance. He was gratified with our good tidings of his friends, and much interested with our account of his godchild, Maroncelli's little Silvia. His parents have died within a year or two.

'God granted me,' he said, 'the mercy of seeing my parents when I came out of prison. God orders all for our best good. It is this conviction which has hitherto supported, and still sustains me.' In reply to his saying that he lived a life of retirement, and had few acquaintances in Turin, we told him that he had friends all over the world. 'That proves,' he said, 'that there are every where *belles ames*.' His looks, his manner, his voice, and every word he spoke, were in harmony with his book, certainly one of the most remarkable productions of our day.

I have been very sorry to hear some of his countrymen speak distrustfully of Pellico, and express an opinion—a reluctant one—that he had sunk into willing subjection to political despotism and priestly craft. It is even said that he has joined the order of Jesuits. I do not believe this, nor have I heard any evidence adduced in support of it that tends to invalidate the proof of the incorruptibility of Pellico's soul contained in *Le Mie Prigioni* [My Imprisonments]. He is a saint that cannot fall from grace. There seems to me nothing in his present unqualified submission incompatible with his former history and professions. His phase of the Christian character has always been that of suffering. He is the gentle Melancthon, not the bold and valiant Luther; the loving John, not the fearless Paul."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.—RABELAIS—HABERT.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS, a writer whose name stands second to none in the annals of literature in regard of wit and learning, may be taken up as the first prose-writer of the sixteenth century, one poet of which, Clement Marot, was the subject of our last notice. Rabelais was born at Chinon, in the province of Touraine, about the year 1483. His father, who was an apothecary, gave the youth a good education, first at one seminary and then at another. The university of Angers had the honour of completing his academical career, and there he acquired equal notoriety by his skill in the languages, and by his private aberrations from propriety of conduct. Notwithstanding the development, thus early, of the latter feature of his character, he assumed the habit of a cordelier, and became a preacher. In this capacity he attracted much attention, but ere long found himself unable to control, even in the pulpit, his overpowering propensity to buffoonery. After various minor lapses, he at last was guilty of some piece of practical humour which was held by his superiors to be sacrilegious, and he was condemned to imprisonment for life.

At Angers, the wit and talents of Rabelais had gained him the friendship of the Du Bellays, and through their powerful intercession he was set at liberty. He might even have been allowed to resume his clerical labours, perhaps, had he shown the desired degree of penitence; but he probably was too proud in spirit to do this, and besides, his escape had been too narrow a one not to frighten him seriously for the consequences of any similar outbreaks in future. The monastic life, too, could not square well with the tastes of such a man as Rabelais. He therefore determined upon going to Montpellier to study medicine. In due time he was received into the faculty there, and appears to have attained some celebrity. The records show that his brethren deputed him to defend some of their endangered privileges before the Chancellor Duprat.

While still in his prime, Rabelais enjoyed a temporary change of scene, being invited by Cardinal du Bellay to accompany him on his embassy to Rome. Some extant letters prove that our wit had been annoyed, when at Montpellier, about former monastic matters, and went to Rome partly in the hope of receiving a permanent absolution from the Pope on the score of all these old peccadilloes. The Pope did, indeed, grant the request made to him; but, alas! Rabelais fell, before he had been one year in Rome, into new and worse scrapes. He seems to have been totally unable to repress his tendency to satire and buffoonery, even in the most hazardous situations. This was so far the case, that he is said to have let off his jests even in the Pope's face. Being on one occasion in the presence, Rabelais was told by Cardinal du Bellay to ask a favour from the Pope, who had graciously made a promise to grant it. In place of taking the opportunity, as a man of sound common sense might have done, to advance his own views in life, the wit begged the Pope to *excommunicate him*. An explanation being demanded, the rash petitioner cried, "Please your holiness, there are in my native district many burnings (of heretics); and, on one occasion, when I was in a hut there, I heard an old woman seriously declare that a log which she could not get to burn must have been 'excommunicated.' Now, if I were put under the same ban, I should never be afraid to go home again, as I have before been." This most imprudent piece of wagery terrified Cardinal du Bellay; and other similar escapades having followed, he was glad, finally, to hurry the wit out of the papal states, lest the ire of his holiness should bury the whole embassy in one common ruin.

Rabelais carried his absolution with him, rash as he had been. But he found, on reaching Lyons, that he could not advance to Paris for want of funds. It was on this occasion that he played off with success one of the most famous of his practical jokes. Making up various small packets of ashes from the chimney, he writ on them, severally, "Poison for the king," "Poison to kill the queen," "Poison for the Duke of Orleans," &c. He then took care to bring these before the eye of a suspicious and very alarmable individual. The issue was as the wit had anticipated. He was informed upon, seized, and sent at the public cost to Paris. Having been made well known at the capital by the Du Bellays, his disclosure of his trick and reasons not only procured him a ready pardon, but afforded a subject of mirth for the full term of nine days.

Rabelais re-entered the church, and obtained a prebendship in the collegiate church of Saint-Maur-des-Fossés. Ultimately, he was appointed curate of Meudon, in which position he remained till his death. At the same time, he appears to have partially continued his practice as a physician, at least in the cases of intimate friends. We are told that once, when Cardinal du Bellay was ill, Rabelais did not agree with the notions of the other physicians, who all insisted on the use of the strongest *opertives*. After hearing them, Rabelais professed to yield, and forthwith went down into the court-yard, where he got a large fire lighted. Placing on this a boiler filled with water, he threw into it the whole collected keys of the mansion. The doctors stared for a time, and then asked what he was about. "Why," said Rabelais, "didn't you want

strong aperitives! I know nothing to beat keys, unless you would have me get a cannon from the arsenal." It is said that the cardinal laughed so much at this joke of his old friend, that he required for the time no more medicine of any kind.

François Rabelais died at Paris in 1553, at the age of seventy. He retained his humour to the last, carrying his good spirits even to the verge of impropriety. He left behind him a number of *Epistles*, a little treatise written at Rome, and his great or greatest work, the "*Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel*." To those who do not know this work, its plan may be best described by stating that it formed the model of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, and represents, like that famous production, the peregrinations of imaginary persons through imaginary places. Keys have been formed for the work of Rabelais, but human nature is so broadly caricatured in it, that the application can never be made in any thing like a satisfactory manner. For this same reason, much of the satire and wit is inevitably lost. To any one taking up the *Life of Gargantua*, two reflections must in the first instance suggest themselves. The first is a sensation of disgust at the foulness of thought and expression which pollute the composition in almost every page. The second feeling of the reader will be one of surprise and admiration at the unbounded learning displayed by the author. His allusions range over the whole mass of literature, grave and gay, existing in his time. The wit of Rabelais will not be fully appreciated on a casual reading. It is only to those who can subdue their disgust at his coarseness, and digest the matter before them thoughtfully, that Rabelais will appear deserving, as regards the article of wit, of the commendations which succeeding centuries have lavished upon him. No doubt, some part of the impurity of Rabelais must be laid to the charge of his age, but his mind must also have been essentially coarse in itself; and the combined influence of these causes, superadded to a due amount of the national looseness of morals distinguishing Frenchmen at all times, guided the current of Rabelais' vast learning, and made the *Life of Gargantua* what the world has found it. Unfortunately, the utter grossness of language throughout, renders it improper for us to give even the smallest specimen of the writer's productions.

François Habert, one of the early minor poets of France, was a contemporary of Rabelais, and had the merit of leaving a collection of clever fables in verse, from which Fontaine and our own Gay occasionally drew examples for imitation. Habert was born at Issoudun in 1520, and received his early education at Paris. Partly through his own misconduct, he suffered many distresses in youth; but, finally, having recommended himself by poetical epistles to the Bishop of Amiens, he procured respectable employment as secretary to successive dignitaries of the church. He was afterwards taken into favour at court, and received from King Henry a pension, with the title of the Royal Poet—equivalent, probably, to the modern English one of laureate. A translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, various heroic epistles, with a number of poems founded upon the ancient mythology, were the principal works of Habert, in addition to his fables. He died in 1561.

We select, as a specimen of Habert, a fable adopted or imitated by Fontaine. The old fabulist, whose measure and language we retain as closely as possible, will come to no dishonour from a comparison even with his delightful successor.

THE COCK AND THE FOX—A FABLE.

Reynard, roaming through the wood,
Seeking far and near
For a snack of juicy food,
Came so nigh his aim at last,
That bold chanticleer
Almost in his grasp was cast.

Trembling from the sudden shock,
To a tree hard by
Flew without delay the cock.
There he mutter'd, more at ease,
"Reynard cannot fly
Surely to such heights as these."

Reynard heard these words the while;
And exclaim'd—that he
Might the better hide his guile—
"Heaven preserve my chanticleer!
'Twas to seek for thee,
Dearest friend, that I came here.

I have something to disclose,
Nought of which as yet
Probably your worship knows.
Sir, we animals all swore,
Late when we met,
To live friends for evermore.

All our wars are at an end;
'Gainst his neighbour none
From this time shall fraud intend;
Now with me, in pleasant talk,
Safe although alone,
May the hen, your lady, walk.

Troops of beasts, through plain and field,
Now at pleasure scour,
With the lion for their shield;
And without a thought of dread,
At this present hour,
Lambs beside the wolf are laid.

Festive sporting by and by,
Betwixt bird and beast,
Down where I am you shall spy;
Deign to join us then, my friends,
At our social feast!
Faith, you must, my lord, descend.

Cocks are not precisely reese.

"Much," cries chanticleer,
"Do I joy in such a peace;
And I thank you, from my heart,
For your coming here
These good tidings to impart."

Here our cock begins to rise
High upon his toes,
Stretching his neck, too, to the skies;
While his glances here and there,
Round and round, he throws,
Keeping still his perch in air.

"Sure I hear," he cries, "the howl
Of a leash of dogs!
Through the woods for game they prow!
Ho! friend fox, they near your back!
Stop the merry rogue;
Meet your new friends on their track."

"Sounds," says Reynard, "they, I doubt,
Have not yet been told
What a change has come about;
I had better quit the place.
Lest these brutes still hold
Me a fitting thing to chase."

Through a trick, thus neatly play'd,
Was sly Reynard's ruse
Bare in all its fulness laid,
Engines for his safety fitted
Thus must each one use,
Who would not be thus outwitted.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AN AUSTRALIAN ROBINS.

In the *Australian*, a Sydney newspaper, for 13th March last, there is a series of advertisements of property by a Mr Stubbs, who seems inclined to pluck the laurels from the brow of a well-known genius of the mother country. He begins with the Hardwicke estate of one thousand three hundred and fifty acres, which he unfortunately cannot do justice to, in consequence of never having seen it, but, confining himself to the letter of his instructions, he can "announce that it is two miles from Appin, encompassed by the *sinuosity* of the Cow-pasture and Cataract Rivers upon three sides, and bounded by the handsome family estates of Mrs Broughton and Mr Kennedy." He adds—"To gentlemen who have lately arrived in the colony with capital, and who have not yet taken advantage of the *capricious state of the times*, the sale of this property will probably be worth their consideration. Nature seems to have taken *particular care* to disseminate her blessings unsparingly around it, and it is *pre-eminently interesting to the feelings of Mr Stubbs* to be enabled to tender the public with a property which presents so many attractions, and which appears to be so beautifully watered. It comprehends, in fact, within its own boundaries, every thing necessary for the *health, comfort, convenience, and happiness* of a man of family," &c.

We next have an advertisement of "Kissing Point, or the Lily of the Valleys, with twenty-one years' credit." It begins in suitably impressive terms. "It would require more than ordinary ability to pencil out in their true colours the diversified views and the beautiful scenery which bursts upon the sight as you ramble on a fine day over the vine-clad hills and orchards at Kissing Point. Elevated some hundred feet above the level of the sea, the eye wanders over a vast range of country, which branches off into an *immensity of the most varied and furnished [q. finished!] forms*—rich tints, splendid dyes, cultivated fields, and streams (peaceful and sinuous as the Rhine), are amongst the *more prominent materials*, bloom around and diversify this part of the country. Improve, then, the golden hours, ye gentle cits of Sydney; attend the sale on Monday," &c. After a variety of details as to terms, he adds—"To be brief, Mr Stubbs would respectfully observe, that, looking to its present prospects, there is every thing to encourage and ensure the growth of a populous town at this place; it would delight you to see its pretty little church of a Sunday, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces and in their cleanliest habits, to hear their duties explained to them by their good pastor, the Rev. Mr Turner. Independent of these advantages to the good parishioner, there is also an excellent school for the education of children, and a police establishment for the protection of his property."

The police-office is an expressive mark of a civilised country; but it is scarcely so significant a proof of an advanced state of things, as the possession of a land-auctioneer gifted with a flowery style.

CHEAP SCHOOLING.

Our late remarks on the danger of resorting to too cheap boarding-schools, have brought us a letter which was lately addressed to a gentleman who is intrusted with the charge of a large public school. There had been an advertisement of the fees of this school, which are six guineas per annum, and the letter in question was written for the purpose of inquiring if this in-

eluded "board, &c." as, in that case, a boy of nine years of age would be sent! This letter, written in a business-like manner, and with an air of perfect sincerity, shows that, from ignorance of the world, excessive parsimony, and other causes, many respectable persons must be exposed to the danger of placing children with individuals who, on their part, go more distressingly wrong in undertaking such duties without a sufficient remuneration to allow of justice being done to those intrusted with them.

While here repeating the caution formerly given, it may be well to say a few words in order to show that, in teaching and boarding children, extreme cheapness is not reasonably to be expected.

It is granted that the more cheaply every thing is produced, the better, as, by every reduction of price, more are enabled to enjoy. We have of late been familiarised with some remarkable instances of the cheapening of what was formerly dear. For instance, cotton cloths, engravings, and periodical sheets, are now to be had very much cheaper than they were formerly. But, in all instances where articles are much cheapened, it will be found that, after the first exertion of skilled labour, vast quantities of the article can be produced by some monotonous mechanical means. For example, in a cheap periodical sheet, there is but one writing of the literary matter, and one setting of the types, as there was before, while all else is the work of a steam-impelled machine.† Now, the teaching and boarding of children are evidently things of a different nature. Each individual calls for a certain amount of food, and a certain amount of what our letter-writer modestly slumps under the term "board, &c.," as well as special attention to himself in his instructions. Twenty—two hundred—boys require each the same expenditure of means; or at least it may be said that, when considerable numbers are received into one establishment, the saving upon the numbers is not much. We are not therefore to expect that the ingenuity of this age, while so potent in cheapening light female dresses and other such gear, is to have any great effect in reducing the expense of boarding academies. We do seriously believe that it is necessary to present this elementary view of the question, as the wonders of mechanism have lately been so great, that many unreflecting persons are ready to suppose, when they see cheap schooling or boarding advertised, that it is all the effect of the railroad system now so prevalent, while it is not, and never can be, any thing more than an over-keenness for business in the advertising parties.

STRAWBERRIES.

THE strawberry is one of the few fruits indigenous to Britain, and is found, like the bilberry and juniper, in a wild state in uncultivated spots, chiefly in woods and on tangled shrubby banks. It is likewise found in all the other northern countries of Europe, particularly in Norway, among whose rocky mountains it grows in great abundance; it prevails also in the temperate regions of South America, and abounds in the colder climate of Canada and Nova Scotia. This delicious small fruit is, in short, very generally scattered over the earth, and was the delight of ancient as well as modern times. In Latin, its name is *fragaria*, which is supposed to be significant of the fragrance of the fruit; the French, perhaps from this source, call it *fraise*, and hence the common surname of Fraser, which is of French origin, and the well-known heraldic object, the strawberry, which is borne by families of that name. The origin of our name *strawberry* is much less obvious; by some, it has been traced to an old practice of placing straw beneath the berries to keep them clean while growing; but others allege that it originated in the circumstance of the berries being anciently threaded on straws, and offered for sale in that condition. It is our belief that, to the practice of putting straw under the bushes, must be ascribed the name, and we take leave to suggest that it is a good old custom, which may very properly be perpetuated by cultivators of the plant.

Two hundred years ago strawberries were grown in gardens in England; and Tucker, in his quaint rhyming treatise, "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," thus indicates to the farmer's wife what work she should perform in September—

* The original letter was enclosed to us, to make sure of our believing a fact which otherwise might have met with incredulity.

† Another example of cheapening by mechanical appliances, new at least in the sense on which it is practised, has lately come under our attention. Picture frames, and cornices for windows, are now transferred from the fanciful skill of the carver and gilder to that of the metal moulder, being struck in brass, both burnished and dimmed, and in many varieties of pattern. The thin struck brass is afterwards mounted on common wood, to give firmness to the fabric, and it is then ready for use. Birmingham, we believe, is the seat of this manufacture. The articles are exceedingly elegant, and, we are told, are considerably cheaper and more durable than of gilt materials.

"Wife, into the garden and set me a plot,
With strawberry roots, of the best to be got;
Such growing abroad, among thorns in the wood,
Well chosen and picked, prove excellent good."

The strawberry is one of those plants to which nature has given the means of extensive multiplication. From the main bush or stems, there spread forth tentacula or suckers over the surface of the ground, and these fastening themselves by a root at every joint, as many new plants spring up as there are joints. A single bush will in this manner, if not kept within bounds, soon spread over a moderately sized garden. From this abundant growth of the strawberry, it has been inferred that the fruit is of essential importance as an article of food in summer; but this is scarcely philosophical; for to what plant has nature given the means of propagation more abundantly than the dent-de-leon, and what is so little used or held in less esteem by mankind.* Be this as it may, the strawberry is universally acknowledged to be exceedingly wholesome and refreshing as an occasional summer diet, and it is also allowed to possess certain medicinal properties, which give it a still higher value. With respect to these medicinal qualities, Phillips speaks of it as follows:—"As a dietetic fruit, the strawberry affords but little nourishment: the moderate or even plentiful use of it is salubrious, and recommended to those of inflammatory habits. Boerhaave considers the continued use of this fruit as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and viscosity, and in putrid disorders. Hoffman furnishes instances of some obstinate diseases being cured by strawberries and other mild, sweet, subacid fruits, and affirms that he has known even consumptive people cured by them. Linnaeus informs us that, by eating plentifully of strawberries every day, he kept himself free from gout. They promote perspiration, and dissolve the tartarous incrustations on the teeth. Strawberries should be taken sparingly by those of a cold inactive disposition, where the vessels are lax, and circulation languid, or digestion weak." The medicinal qualities of the strawberry appear to us to consist somewhat in the abundance of small hard seeds on the fruit, which act mechanically on the stomach and bowels, and also in the weakness of the subacid; in other words, the pulpy substance is of a simple and harmless nature, remarkably easy of digestion, and at the very least cooling in its effects. Taken in moderation, it will save the use of some kinds of medicines, and, as an alternative from hard food, it cannot be too highly commended.

In most parts of England, strawberries are eaten alone, or dipped individually in sugar, before being put into the mouth; and to suit this mode of consumption, they are brought to table with their stems, which form shanks to hold by. But in Scotland they are consumed in a far more wholesome manner. There they are brought to table stripped of their stems, and are laded out and eaten with a plentiful infusion of cream and sugar. "Strawberries and cream" is, in fact, one of the grand national treats which strangers may reckon upon seeing set before them in the early weeks of July, and to which generally full justice is done. In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, there are a number of suburban villages deriving celebrity from their extensive strawberry grounds, and to these parties proceed from town to enjoy the fruit in perfection, that is to say, along with the richest and most delicious cream. In the vicinity of Dublin, the celebrated "Strawberry Beds" in the same manner attract immense crowds of persons in the summer evenings, when the fruit is in its prime. Those who are accustomed to see strawberries only in the small pottles in which they figure at Covent Garden market, can form but a feeble idea of the mode of consumption at either the Scotch or Irish metropolises.

Of late years there have been many changes and improvements in the strawberry world. Fifty or sixty years ago, only about a dozen sorts were known, those of the largest size being called *hautboys*.† According to horticulturalists, there are now some hundreds of select varieties, produced by crossing, change of situation, and other circumstances. An old and respectable strawberry, known as the Old Scarlet, was introduced from Virginia in 1625, and has been the prolific source of several varieties. The Austrian Scarlet, the Roseberry, the Scotch Scarlet, the Aberdeen Seedling, the Grove End Scarlet, the Downton, Sir George Mackenzie's Late Scarlet, Nova Scotia Scarlet, Prolific Hautboys, and Keen's Seedling, may be noticed among hundreds of others. Latterly, some poor sorts have been banished from the market, and given place to Keen's Seedling, which combines good flavour with largeness of size, and is an excellent bearer. The object in cultivating so many varieties is to obtain a succession of fruit through the season, some sorts ripening and being ready for market in May, while others come to maturity in the course of June and July. It should be understood, however, that it is only in the neighbourhood of London that the successive cropping of strawberries, or the forcing of them at particular seasons, is methodically conducted on a large scale. In most parts of the country, the vicinity of Edinburgh included, the fruit in its different varieties comes almost at once into the market, the season lasting about three weeks, and then all

* Possibly the true virtues of the dent-de-leon remain to be discovered.

† So called from being originally found in the *haut bois* or high woods of Bohemia.

is over. The exceeding precariousness of the crop, from the chance damage of rains, makes the rearing of strawberries a business of little profit, and lately it has been abandoned by a number of our market gardeners. This is a circumstance to be regretted, and we should hope that, by a greater attention to the cultivation of late sorts, which would not arrive at maturity till late in July and in August, a greater degree of success in rearing might be secured. To those who would wish to procure horticultural information on a subject so important, we cannot do better than refer them to a work which we have been indebted to in the present sketch—it is entitled "The Orchard and Fruit Garden," by Mr Macintosh, head gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch, at Dalkeith—a work abounding in useful particulars respecting the artificial growth of all our fruits, and so beautiful in its execution, as to be a fit object of ornament for a lady's drawing-room.

THE WHITE SATIN SHOES.

A STORY.

THE whole town of B— was in commotion; the streets were alive with officers in red coats and white trousers, and young ladies in all the colours of the rainbow. It was the king's birthday; and in the morning the regiment quartered in the town gave an elegant *dejeuner* at the Dragon, and in the evening there was to be a brilliant ball at the Crown. Never had there been such a scramble for flowers and furbelows; white satin shoes were at a premium; the milliners and dressmakers were half dead with worry and fatigue, and the carrier from London came in loaded with handboxes. "How delightful!" exclaimed the pretty little Clara Rivers, as she stood by the bedside, where lay her new dress of white aeroplane over a white satin slip, and a lovely garland of white roses for her head. "But my shoes, Sarah," she added, as a cloud came over her countenance; "I am very uneasy about my shoes." "They'll be sure to come by the next coach," replied Sarah; "Dixon would never think of disappointing you. But indeed, miss, it's time you dressed for the breakfast, the clock has struck twelve some time;" and Sarah produced the delicate lavender silk pelisse, and the pale pink crape bonnet, ornamented with an elegant ostrich feather, which swept gracefully over the left shoulder of the little beauty; and, in the delight it afforded, effaced for the moment all anxiety about the white satin shoes. "Now, Clara," said her mother, as they walked arm-in-arm up the street towards the Dragon, "pray, be on your guard, and do not give any encouragement to the attentions of Major Waterton to-night, for although Arthur Henley is not here to see it, he will be sure to hear of it from some good-natured friend or another, and it will make him uneasy. Besides, it is improper, and should not be done whether Arthur is ever to hear of it or not."

"Very well, I will not," answered Clara; "but don't say any more about it now, for he is close to us."

"Who is?" inquired Mrs Rivers.

"Major Waterton," replied Clara, in a low voice, for her quick eye had descried the gentleman in question hovering near the door at the very moment they emerged from it; and although she had not ventured to turn her head, she felt quite certain that the sword she heard jingling behind her, and the heels that resounded on the pavement, belonged to that gallant son of Mars. And so it proved; for in a minute more he was at their side, offering an arm to mother and daughter, and petitioning for the honour of escorting them to the breakfast.

This could not be refused; and although Clara had no intention of flirting, or doing any thing inconsistent with the allegiance she owed to her affianced Arthur Henley, yet the high spirits, and the laughing, and the repartee, and the sparkling eyes, and the bright cheeks, had a very suspicious appearance to the lookers-on, who one and all observed how very charming Miss Rivers looked, how very assiduous the major was becoming, and how lucky it was that Arthur Henley was not there to spoil the sport.

When the breakfast was over, and the company dispersed, the major conducted the two ladies home, and then lounged towards the inn to see the London coach come in. Amongst those who awaited its arrival he perceived Sarah, with whose face he was acquainted; and thinking it right to observe the old maxim, of being well with the maid if you wish to recommend yourself to the mistress, he approached her, and asked if she were waiting for her sweetheart. "No, sir," replied Sarah, "I am waiting for a parcel from London for Miss Rivers." From this they fell into a little conversation, and remained together till the coach drove up; but, alas! it brought no parcel—at least, not the parcel. Sarah could not believe it; she thought it impossible that any Christian shoemaker could be guilty of such an atrocity. Whilst the coachman declared it was not there, she declared that it was; she seized upon every parcel that was handed out to the bystanders, and got laughed at and abused for her eagerness and pertinacity.

"What will Miss Clara do?" she exclaimed, as she at length turned away in despair.

"Was it any thing wanted for to-night?" inquired the sympathising major.

* In one volume: W. S. Orr and Co., London.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the Abigail, "it was a pair of white satin shoes for the ball. Miss Clara would not have them made here, because Smithson is such a clumsy hand, and she wrote up to Dixon, and sent him a pattern shoe, a fortnight ago. What a wretch he must be, to be sure, never to send them, nor even so much as write a line to apologise."

"It's shameful!" answered the major; "and I'm afraid Miss Rivers will be very much disappointed."

"Disappointed! I fancy she will!" responded Sarah. "Her dress is to be all white, and what she's to do for shoes, whip me if I know! There won't be such a thing to be got in the town now, for love nor money."

"That there certainly will not," replied the major, ruminating. "Let me see," said he, taking out his watch, "it's now three o'clock; I think it could be done: could you contrive to let me have a shoe that fits Miss Rivers exactly?"

"Oh, yes," answered Sarah, "I could fetch one in a moment."

"Do, then," said the major; and calling the waiter, he ordered a chaise and four to be brought out instantly.

By the time Sarah returned it was at the door. "Tell Miss Rivers," said he, "that if there is a pair of shoes in Bath that will fit her, she shall have them by half-past eight or nine o'clock."

"Bath!" exclaimed Sarah—but her exclamations of astonishment and admiration were wasted on the winds; the post-chaise and four was out of sight before she had got half through them, and had cleared the town before she had sufficiently recovered her amazement to turn her steps homeward, with the final ejaculation of, "My! what a gentleman!"

"No shoes!" exclaimed Clara, clasping her hands in despair, as Sarah entered her room empty-handed.

"That wretch Dixon has not sent them," replied Sarah; "but if there's a pair of shoes in Bath, you're to have them, and the major has just set off in a chaise with four horses to fetch them for you."

Clara turned pale and was silent; the conviction that this should not have been done struck her with such force, as even to disperse for the moment all the fumes of vanity, and "What will Arthur Henley think if he hears of it!" hovered upon her lips. "How could you think of telling Major Waterton about my shoes?" said she to Sarah; but Sarah exculpated herself by relating how the thing had happened, adding, "Who could have dreamt of his setting off to Bath, as fast as four horses could take him, to fetch a pair of shoes!" "Who, indeed?" thought Clara; "and as I did not know he was going to do it, it was impossible for me to prevent it," and the desire for the shoes, and admiration of the major's gallantry, soon superseded, or at least in a considerable degree superseded, her consciousness of impropriety and her apprehension of Arthur's displeasure.

"Are your shoes come?" inquired Mrs Rivers of her daughter, when they were seated at dinner.

"Yes, mamma," answered Clara, blushing with shame at the falsehood, and yet not daring to tell the truth; aware how displeased her mamma would be, and not free from the apprehension that she might forbid her to accept the shoes when they arrived.

At eight o'clock, Clara Rivers went to dress, and at half-past eight a carriage stopped at the door, and there was a loud ring at the bell. "Run, Sarah," said she, "and take the shoes yourself; don't let James get them. I'm afraid mamma must have heard the wheels, and will want to know who it is." Down flew Sarah, rushing past the footman, who had just opened the door, and presenting herself at the side of the carriage, she thrust her hand into the open window to receive the parcel; but, to her surprise, she found her hand seized with the greatest ardour by the occupant, whilst the voice of Arthur Henley cried, "Why, how did you find out I was coming, Clara?" "Oh, General!" thought Sarah; "it's Mr Henley himself! It's not Miss Rivers, sir, it's me," said she; "Miss Rivers is dressing;" and whilst they were speaking, the anxious ears of the Abigail detected the rapid approach of another vehicle.

"Well," said Arthur, "tell her I only called at the door to let her know I was come, and to leave this parcel; it's a pair of shoes from Dixon; I am going on to the Crown to dress, and will be ready to meet her on the stairs."

"Here," cried the major's voice from the other carriage, which had just drawn up; "give this to Miss Rivers, with Major Waterton's compliments!"

"Who the deuce is that?" inquired Arthur.

"It's only Major Waterton left a parcel," said Sarah, entreating with the two pair of shoes; whilst Arthur took the postilion to drive on to the Crown, deferring further investigation till he saw his mistress herself.

When Clara heard of the encounter, and found that, instead of having no shoes at all, she had two pair at her disposal, she felt exceedingly perplexed. She was afraid something disagreeable might arise out of the major's gallantry; and she was greatly in doubt which pair of shoes to put on—those brought from Bath were delicately embroidered with silver; the London ones were of plain white satin. Both fitted equally well; but the Bath pair were the prettiest; and she felt, besides, that not to wear them, after the poor man's chivalrous expedition to obtain them, would be too ungracious. So she decided in their favour, and stepped into her chair with a gratifying consciousness that no lady in the room would show a prettier foot, or a more elegant shoe; but yet not without some slight misgiving that these same shoes might cost her trouble.

As her chair was set down in the hall of the Crown Inn, two gentlemen advanced to hand her out, Arthur Henley and Major Waterton. She shook hands with the first kindly and warmly; and then, much to her

lover's astonishment, took the arm of the second. He was looking so pleased, and proud, and confident of his arm being accepted, that she felt if she had done less, her very shoes might have cried out against her.

"I hope they fit!" said he, looking down at her feet.

"Perfectly," replied Clara, blushing.

Henley overheard the question, and directing his eyes to the feet also, perceived they were not in Dixon's shoes. His blood began to fire; he understood at once that this presumptuous Adonis, for the major was very handsome, was the officer who had left the parcel at Clara's door an hour before; and he shrewdly guessed that the parcel must have consisted of the shoes. He therefore followed the lady and the triumphant major up stairs in a very fine mood for a quarrel, although Mrs Rivers took an opportunity of whispering to him, "That's a Major Waterton that is quarrelled here; a very gentlemanly, distinguished man; he has been very civil to us about tickets for the breakfast, and Clara can hardly help dancing the first dance with him, as I heard him ask her this morning, when she had no idea you were coming."

"I shall make a point of writing to announce my intentions the next time," replied Henley, with some irritation; and when Clara and the major took their places in the dance, and Mrs Rivers sat down to the whist-table, he stuck his shoulder in the corner of the mantel-piece, and stood leaning there in silence and sulks, the very picture of discontent.

The moment the two dances were over, he advanced and offered Clara his arm, which this time she took. "I suppose you are not engaged for the next two dances?" he said. "No," replied Clara; "I'll dance with you. But what brought you down, Arthur? I had not the least idea of your coming."

"I dare say not," answered he, rather drily; "but I heard of the ball, and finding I could get away from town for a day or two, I resolved to come." He would have liked very much to learn the history of the major and the shoes; but although he was aware that he might possibly hear something that would clear up the mystery, he could not bring his temper to ask for an explanation; and when his two dances ended, he knew no more of the matter than when he began them.

"You know you are engaged to me for the first gallopade, Miss Rivers," said the major, approaching Clara; "and I find we are going to have one now;" and he handed off the young lady, who in a moment more was whirling with him round the room, whilst Arthur, ten times more sulky than before, again stuck his shoulder against the mantel-piece, and looked on.

"Well, I do think it was the most gallant thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed a young lady, who was standing near Arthur, looking on at the dancers.

"What is the chivalrous action that Miss Burnett so much admires?" inquired a gentleman who came up at the moment.

"Why, Major Waterton's taking a post-chaise and four at three o'clock this afternoon, to fetch a pair of shoes from Bath for Clara Rivers," replied Miss Burnett.

"Hush, Charlotte!" whispered Miss Burnett's sister; "don't you see Mr Henley close to you?"

At that unlucky moment, whilst his ears were tingling with the information they had gathered, the whirl of the dance brought the offending couple close to him, and he felt the heel of the major's boot upon his foot. His temper got the better of his good manners, and as the major was turning to apologise for the unintentional offence, he uttered an opprobrious epithet, and pushed him rudely away—so rudely and so violently, that both the dancers had a very narrow escape of stretching their lengths upon the floor. Irritated at the affront offered to himself, but still more at that offered to his partner, and utterly unacquainted with Henley's person, name, or claims on Miss Rivers, Major Waterton's indignation, on perceiving that no apology was offered or intended, was beyond control. A violent quarrel ensued, which, it became apparent to the bystanders, must end in a duel.

Henley's friends, comprehending the cause of his provocation, endeavoured to bring about an explanation. Mrs Rivers entreated, Clara wept, and the whole room was in confusion; but the disputants were too angry to listen to any representations. At length, however, the friends of the offending party contrived to get him out of the room, and several adjourned with him to his private apartment in the hotel, where they made further efforts to placate his wrath; and although, in effect, with little better success, they succeeded in obtaining a promise from him, that, as far as he was concerned, nothing more should be done in the business till they returned to him in the morning. When Arthur retired from the ball-room, Mrs Rivers and her daughter went home; then Clara sat down and wrote a clear explanation of the whole affair of the shoes to her lover, concluding with the warmest assurances of her continued affection, and dispatched it immediately to the hotel. When the missive arrived, Henley was pacing the room like a wild beast in its den, resolved to do fearful execution on the major, and only wishing for the peep of day that he might obtain the relief of venting his wrath in action. But Arthur was more passionate than vindictive; and when he had read Clara's letter, and learnt that her allegiance was unviolated and her affections untainted, he repented him of the unrestrained indulgence he had given his temper, and felt she had a right to be deeply offended at the pain he had occasioned her and the exposure he had made. He resolved to seek an amicable explanation with the major in the morning; and aware how much anxiety Clara must be suffering in the interim, late as it was, he put on his hat and cloak, and set forth to relieve her uneasiness.

As he advanced through the streets, towards the outskirts of the town, where Mrs Rivers resided, he perceived that he was preceded by a gentleman in a military cloak, whom, from his height and demeanour, he suspected to be Major Waterton. "What can he be doing this way?" thought he; and an uncomfortable feeling of dissatisfaction again took possession of his mind. The major advanced straight to the house, examined the front, put his ear to the door, walked round to the back, tapped at a

window where he saw a light, was answered by the extrusion of a female head—there was a short colloquy—a note was delivered; and then retreating, he walked away in the direction of his barracks, which were situated about a couple of miles from the town. Without very well knowing what he was going to do, and in confusion of mind that rendered him incapable of deliberation, Arthur Henley walked after him. By the time, however, he had continued the chase for about a mile, reason began once more to resume her sway. "Was it not passion," he said, "that has led to all this mischief and exposure, and am I not at this moment acting under the same pernicious influence? How do I know but this mysterious visit of the major's, strange as it seems, may admit of explanation? I'll turn back, and wait as I promised, till my friends come to me in the morning;" and so saying, he retraced his steps and returned to the hotel.

On the following day, one of his earliest visitors was Mrs Rivers herself. Having received no answer to Clara's letter, they feared it had failed to convince him; and she came to assure him of his mistress's innocence, bringing with her, also, a note from Major Waterton, addressed to Clara on the preceding night, expressing much regret at what had happened, imputing it to his ignorance of the relation in which she and Henley stood to each other, and assuring her that he should be quite willing to advance half way, or even more than half way, towards an amicable termination to the quarrel. "He left it at our house last night," said she, "after the ball was over, and he had learnt how you and Clara are situated."

Arthur thanked his stars that he had taken some grains of cool patience on the preceding evening, and not been guilty of an insult that no subsequent apology could have effaced; but, ashamed of himself, he said nothing of his midnight expedition. "I did not answer Clara's note," he said, "because I fancied she would be gone to bed, and feared to disturb her." "An ill-placed fear," replied Mrs Rivers. "A satisfactory answer might have given her rest, and prevented her being as ill as she now is."

As Arthur was the undoubted offender, it was next arranged that his friend should proceed to wait on Major Waterton and pave the way for the desired explanation; and for this purpose he dispatched a gentleman named Wright to the barracks. But Mr Wright returned, not having been able to perform his errand, Major Waterton being absent. "His servant says he has not been home since the ball," said he. Henley thought this odd, considering that he had himself seen him a great part of the way home, and that at an hour when it was not likely he should have found any other place to go to. However, Mr Wright had left his card, and there was nothing to do but await a communication. But the day passed, and no communication arrived; and it soon came to be generally understood that Major Waterton had not yet been seen at the barracks. Considering his position with respect to Arthur Henley, this disappearance of his appeared not a little extraordinary; but when not only one, but two, three, and four days elapsed without bringing any tidings of him, surprise grew into astonishment, and his friends began to feel uneasy.

The first report that became current was, that, disappointed in his views with regard to Miss Rivers, he had made away with himself; and as his body was not forthcoming, drowning was fixed on as the mode of his exit. But most persons rejected this supposition, because the letter he had addressed to the young lady after the ball denoted neither despair nor displeasure. Indeed, his attachment was not imagined sufficiently serious, by those who knew him best, to have led to any such extreme resolution. But as the affair began to be more generally known and discussed, a fresh rumour arose. It was whispered that some man had been heard to say, that on the night of the ball, he had met an officer walking rapidly on the road to the barracks, and that, a little way further, he had met Mr Henley going in the same direction and at the same pace. The first he did not know personally, but the latter he did. This story was handed about from mouth to mouth, accompanied in the beginning only with mysterious looks, next with interjections and ejaculations, and at length with sundry comments implying or avowing suspicion, till at last the gossip reached the ears of Arthur Henley's friends, one of whom, indignant at the calumny, went straightway and informed him of what was going on.

"Of course, this fellow who says he met you following Waterton is mistaken," said Mr Taylor; "but the sooner the thing is publicly contradicted, the better. Lies of this description travel at such a pace, that, if one don't make haste, there is no overtaking them."

"I can't contradict it, unluckily," replied Henley. "I was out on that night, and I did follow Major Waterton for some distance on that road. This fellow may have met us for any thing I know."

"That is very unlucky," answered Taylor. "For what purpose did you follow him?"

"I scarcely know myself," responded Henley. "I had no defined purpose, but I was irritated (and he here related the cause of his irritation), and acted without reflection. As soon as my passion had somewhat subsided, and I had time to see the folly of what I was doing, I turned back."

"Then there was no collision—no quarrel?" inquired Taylor.

"None in the world," replied Arthur. "I am satisfied Major Waterton never saw me, nor in the least suspected my vicinity."

"It is very unlucky—very unlucky, indeed!" reiterated Mr Taylor, "that is, if any thing should really have happened to Waterton."

"What could have happened to him?" answered Henley. "I have no doubt he will turn up in a day or two. I shall not give myself any uneasiness or trouble about the matter."

But Major Waterton did not turn up in a day or two, and when a fortnight had elapsed without bringing any tidings of him, or from him, his friends were written to

on the subject, and inquiries were made in every quarter where he was known to have acquaintance. But all to no purpose—Major Waterton was not to be heard of; and Arthur Henley found it more easy to make a resolution against uneasiness than to keep it. He began to feel that his situation was a very unpleasant one, and would have given half he possessed to see the man, whom a short time before he so earnestly desired to exterminate, walk into his apartment at the Crown in a whole skin. But as Major Waterton did not do this, when a reasonable time had elapsed, Arthur Henley, with the approbation of his friends, surrendered himself to take his trial, as the only means of clearing his reputation, and putting a stop to the rumours which were gaining ground every day.

We will not dilate on the grief and remorse of poor Clara when she perceived the melancholy results of what she had imagined to be a very harmless little flirtation. Her dismay may be conceived; but it was curious that all those who had been most busy in raising and circulating suspicions against Henley—those who had ejaculated loudest, shaken their heads most ostentatiously, and hummed and ha'd most significantly—now that they saw him shut up in a jail, the victim of circumstances and of their evil tongues, became the loudest in his justification. In short, they were frightened and shocked; they discovered that, in their hearts, they had never believed him guilty, but had been actuated by the love of gossip, the passion for mystery, and the desire of excitement. But if Major Waterton was not found, poor Arthur Henley might be hanged for any thing they knew; and every one who had helped on the report, felt as if, to use a common phrase, he had stuck a nail in his coffin.

During this distressing state of affairs, Mrs Rivers thought that Clara had better be removed from the immediate scene of action; but as the young lady objected to abandoning her lover in his adversity, she was only transported to the house of an aunt who resided by the seashore, about six miles off, whence she could occasionally return to visit him.

The unhappy seek solitude; and, accordingly, Clara, avoiding the society and the haunts of her relations and friends, took to wandering on the sea-shore by herself, dedicating her thoughts to sad meditations, sacrificing her curls and silk dresses to the damp winds and salt spray, and her delicate shoes and silk stockings to sharp pebbles and sea water.

There was a considerable extent of beach and sand which could be safely traversed at low water, but there was a point where the waves washed over the rocks jutting into the sea, which always stopped her; although she was aware that, could she have crossed this little promontory, the way would have been open to her for some distance further. She once tried to climb over it, but it proving to be much higher and broader than she had expected, she gave it up as a lost cause, and submitted to the impediment. One day, however, to her surprise, she found the water had so far retreated, that the path was practicable—it happened to be neap tide—and she resolved to take a peep of the other side. When she had rounded the point, she found herself in a little bay, enclosed by an almost perpendicular wall of rock, and carpeted by a smooth bright sand. "What a charming spot for bathing!" thought she; "but I suppose it would not be safe, except in this particular state of the tide; and indeed now," she added, "I had better be cautious, lest I should be caught myself."

Carefully watching the progress of the waves, she proceeded to cross the bay to the promontory which enclosed it at the other extremity, which proved to be as inaccessible as the first. Here she paused for a moment, and looked about her before she retraced her steps. There was a little basin in the rock which particularly attracted her attention; the water that had lodged in it with the last tide was clear as crystal, the bottom was of bright white sand, the sides were lined with beautiful sea-weeds of various hues, whilst a number of star-fish, and wilkes, and mussels, and other little denizens of the ocean, were feeding and taking their recreations, their motions as visible to the eye as if there had been no water to impede the view. But amongst them there lay something that appeared to be neither shell nor pebble—it was assuredly a ring—"perhaps belonging to some drowned wretch," thought she; so she tucked up her sleeve far above the elbow, and drew it out. But what was her surprise, when she recognised the trinket as one she had observed on the finger of Major Waterton, at the breakfast, on the morning of the fatal expedition to Bath. "Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "then he has really made away with himself, and Arthur can never be justified!" Overwhelmed with this dreadful conviction, and with the belief that she should thus have occasioned the loss of two lives, the poor girl sunk powerless on a ledge of the rock, and, forgetful of her own danger, gave way to her tears, and there perhaps she might have sat till it was too late to escape, had she not been roused by the voices of some boatmen, who, perceiving her danger, hailed her as they sailed past, and cried to her that she had not a moment to lose. She accordingly rose, and hastening back, reached the promontory just as the waves were beginning to wash over it; and arrived at her aunt's wet and fatigued, and in the greatest agitation.

There she told her story; and the ring, which many could identify, was sent to Major Waterton's friends at the barracks. That it was his ring all admitted; but they were not all equally unanimous in the belief that he had drowned himself. Those who knew him best, positively denied it, and averred that he was the last man in the world to do such a thing. He might have gone down to bathe, and either got out of his depth, or been overtaken by the tide—the spot appeared likely for such a catastrophe. "Bring us an almanac," said one; "let us see how the moon was on that night." It proved to have been a neap tide, the moon was in her third quarter. This discovery led to further suggestions; and it was agreed that an expedition should be made to the spot, to examine if any further indications of their comrade's fate could be found.

They accordingly provided themselves with a boat, and set out on their voyage of discovery, and many a one has produced results of less importance. They found no new lands, nor so much as an unknown shell or sea-weed; but they found on a ledge of rock, just above high water-mark, the whole of Major Waterton's clothes—those he had worn at the ball—carefully rolled up, with his watch beside them, and evidently placed in security where the wind was not likely to reach them or the water to wet them.

Not a shadow of doubt remained on the mind of any one. He had strolled down to the beach to refresh himself after the excitement of the night—extended his walk to the bay—been probably attracted by its beauty, had thought, as Clara did, "what a nice place for a bath!" had undressed, gone in, and been drowned.

Arthur Henley was justified; and Clara received a lesson which she never forgot.

PAUL JONES.

THE name of Paul Jones has long been held in disrepute in this country, as that of a reckless piratical adventurer; yet he does not seem to have deserved the whole, at least, of the odium cast upon him. He committed an error, certainly, in serving against the land which gave him birth; but since we give credit to Franklin, Washington, and others, who were only removed by a generation or so from the condition of born Britons, for the exertions which they made in the cause of American independence, we ought not to be harsh to one who, though brought to life elsewhere, gave his services to the same cause, believing it to be that of freedom and humanity. That it was so, few are now inclined to deny, and on this score we should be lenient to the aberration from natural feeling committed by Paul Jones. Leaving out of sight altogether, however, his peculiar position in the respect alluded to, the history of the gardener's son of Kirkcudbright has a strong interest of another kind, as exhibiting the struggles of a man of spirit and talent to attain eminence under circumstances most unfavourable to success. The name of the father of John Paul Jones (as he named himself, for some unknown reasons, through life) is known to have been John Paul, and his situation in the world was that of a gardener at Arbigland in Kirkcudbright, the seat of a gentleman of the name of Craik. The subject of our notice, who was born on the 6th of July 1742, was the fifth of seven children; and the residence of the family being upon the seashore, he had the advantage of an early acquaintance with that element on which he subsequently gained distinction. According to the traditions of his family, his chief enjoyments, from early childhood, consisted in floating mimic ships, and in playing the part of an active naval commander to imaginary crews. Be this as it may, after receiving at the parish school of Kirkcudbright the limited education allotted to every boy of his station in Scotland, he, at the age of twelve, got the consent of his parents to his adoption of a sea-life. He was bound apprentice to Mr Younger of Whitehaven. His first voyage was across the Solway Firth, but his master, who was in the American trade, sent him across the Atlantic without delay to Rappahannock, where his brother, the eldest of the gardener's family, was settled as a small planter. Paul Jones profited by his brother's position and counsel to improve himself in navigation and other professional studies, and was so successful in the endeavour, that he was deemed worthy of being appointed, on his return to Whitehaven, to a third mateship in a vessel in the slave-trade. He became first mate soon afterwards in a ship of a similar kind. Disgusted with the peculiar character of his occupation, however, he came back to Scotland in 1768, as passenger in the brigantine *Kirkcudbright*, of which, by the deaths of the officers, he became temporarily the sole commandant. All this occurred when he was comparatively a young man. The owners of the *Kirkcudbright* were so much pleased with his conduct, that they immediately made him its captain, and he conducted it successfully through several voyages across the Atlantic. While in command of this vessel, he was charged with using a seaman harshly, and brought to trial in England. He defended himself triumphantly, and was acquitted. This matter is only worth mentioning, because it was unfairly made a handle of against him in later days.

Previously to 1773, the subject of our memoir commanded other mercantile ships. He then took up his stay in Virginia, being there left to manage the effects of his deceased brother. He lived in comparative seclusion in the same place till the outbreak of the American Revolution. It is but fair to allow him to explain for himself the views which he took of that contest, and the motives which led him to volunteer in the cause of the confederated States. "I was indeed born in Britain," he says; "but I do not inherit the degenerate spirit of that fallen nation, which I at once lament and despise. It is far beneath me to reply to their hiring invectives. They are strangers to the inward approbation that greatly animates and rewards the man who draws his sword only in support of the dignity of freedom. America has been the country of my fond election from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honour to

hoist with my own hands the flag of freedom, the first time it was displayed, on the Delaware; and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean." This passage is from a letter written four years after the revolutionary struggle commenced, and previously to its final settlement, so that it may be held to be an expression of the sentiments of Jones from the very commencement of the war.

His nautical experience being known, Jones, on offering his services, was immediately appointed first lieutenant in a vessel of the United States. Soon afterwards, he was made commandant of the *Providence*, mounting twelve four-pounders, with a complement of seventy men. In one of the letters written by him at this period, Jones, with that ardency of spirit which peculiarly characterised him, speaks proudly of his early exertions in this great cause. With his little cutter, the *Providence*, he cruised for some time between the Bermudas and the Gut of Canso, and his activity may be conceived from the fact, that he took, in six weeks, sixteen British mercantile vessels, the objects, of course, of his cruising.

His services, indeed, were so signal, and indicated a degree of seamanly skill so far above the common, that the government of the States resolved to place him in a position where he might display his abilities to a greater extent, and to a more useful end. Franklin was then in Paris, with other commissioners from the American Congress; and it was thought that, in conjunction with France, some naval armament might be got up which should counteract to a certain degree the overwhelming success of the British at sea. Paul Jones was the man fixed upon to head such an armament, and, by the directions of the government of the United States, he went to France, to put the project into execution. In after years, he claimed the merit of having suggested this scheme, and it is exceedingly probable that the original idea of it was his, and his alone. When Jones arrived in Paris, he was received with high marks of respect both by Franklin and the French government. A ship of war, named the *Ranger*, was put under his orders, and, in April 1778, he sailed immediately for the British coast, the defenceless state of which, arising from a long series of years of repose, was well known to him. With his single ship, he soon threw the whole south-eastern coast of Scotland, and the adjoining districts of England, into a state of alarm. He made a successful descent upon Whitehaven, took two forts with thirty pieces of cannon, and burnt the shipping in the harbour. He landed on St Mary's Isle, the property of the Earl of Selkirk, and containing that nobleman's family residence. Here he expected to seize the person of the earl, to be used as a hostage for the better treatment of American captives; but his lordship, fortunately for himself, was absent. Without the knowledge of Jones, the family plate of Lord Selkirk was carried away; and the Americo-Gallican cruisers, after conquering in battle the British ship *Drake*, returned to France with a considerable amount of plunder, and two hundred prisoners. On this occasion, Jones showed a chivalrousness of feeling which carries one back to the days of romance, and proves the comparative purity and nobleness of the motives by which he was actuated. Lady Selkirk had been alone in the mansion at St Mary's Isle when the attack was made. Jones, scorning the idea of being considered a common pirate, wrote a letter to her, from which we quote one or two of the most interesting passages. After informing Lady Selkirk that her house was plundered without his knowledge, and that he would send back her family plate (which he did) at his own expense, he says, "Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began, I had at an early time of life withdrawn from the sea service in favour of 'calm contemplation and poetic ease.' I have sacrificed not only my favourite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart and my prospects of domestic happiness, and am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and good-will among mankind."

As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your persuasive art with your husband to endeavour to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain can never succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practices of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it, and who can resist the power of such an advocate?), your endeavours to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity which will afford you golden feelings on a deathbed." Franklin thought that this letter contained the "sentiments of a hero;" and Lord Selkirk, to his honour, so far overcame the prejudices of the time, as to feel and express gratitude for the chivalrous and generous conduct of the writer.

Though all France rung with the praises of Jones's conduct, and though he received high personal honours from the court, he found it difficult to get a new command, partly because the French government were then excessively timid about giving direct aid

* The work, produced of late years by the existing relatives of Paul Jones, merely mentions that the name of Jones was "assumed." It appears to us probable, that a lingering consciousness of the impropriety of acting against his native country was the real cause of his change of name. This, however, is conjecture.

to America against Britain, and partly because the junior members of the French nobility had long enjoyed a sort of prescriptive right to all military appointments by land or sea. At last, however, he was placed in command of the *Bon Homme Richard*, which was to be joined by a number of other vessels, though only one or two became effective members of the squadron. The Alliance, commanded by an ignorant coxcomb of the name of Landais, who caused much trouble to Jones, was ultimately the principal consort of the *Bon Homme Richard*. The purpose of the armament was a descent on the British coasts, and Jones did really appear on various parts of them. He entered the Firth of Forth, and threw the town of Leith into great alarm. All parts of the British shores Jones well knew, as we have said, to be comparatively unprotected; and had not adverse winds driven him out of the Forth, Edinburgh, which yet remembers his name with feelings of uneasiness, might have had a serious attack to repel. At the same time, it is unquestionable that two vessels, with their crews, could have inflicted no very serious injury on a city containing so many thousands of able-bodied, though not trained or perfectly armed men. But, as has been observed, the winds settled the matter by driving Paul Jones from the Forth. After leaving the Firth, he continued to coast along the eastern shores of England, when he met the *Serapis*, an English ship of war, and engaged it in fight, while one of his consorts entered into an engagement with its companion. The struggle between the ship of Jones and that of his opponent was desperate and protracted; but Jones ultimately took the *Serapis* just in time to save the lives of himself and his men. The *Bon Homme Richard* was so much injured in the affair, that it sunk within a few minutes of the capture of the *Serapis*. In his official account of the engagement, Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis*, thus speaks. On the meeting of the ships, he demanded the name and destination of his opponent. He was answered evasively; on which he cried out, that if he were not answered directly, he would fire. He was then "replied to with a shot, which was instantly returned with a broadside; and after exchanging two or three broadsides, the enemy backed his top-sails and dropped upon our quarter, within pistol-shot; then filled again, put his helm a-weather, and ran us on board upon our weather quarter, and attempted to board us; but being repulsed, he sheered off. Upon which I backed our top-sails, in order to get square with him again, which, as soon as he observed, he then filled, put his helm a-weather, and laid us athwart hawse. His mizen shrouds took our jib-boom, which hung him for some time, till it at last gave way, and we dropt alongside of each other, head and stern, when the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each others' sides.

In this position we engaged from half-past eight till half-past ten, during which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matter which were thrown upon our decks, chains, and, in short, into every part of the ship, we were on fire not less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was often with great difficulty and exertion that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time, the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us during the whole action, and raking us fore and aft, by which means they killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks. At half-past nine, either from a hand-grenade being thrown in at one of our lower deck ports, or other accident, a cartridge of powder was set on fire; and the flames running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the mainmast; from which unfortunate circumstance all those guns were rendered useless for the remainder of the action.

I called for the boarders, and ordered them to board, which they did; but the moment they were on board her, they discovered a superior number of the enemy lying under cover, with pikes in their hands, ready to receive them; on which our people retreated instantly into our own ship, and returned to their guns again till half-past ten, when the frigate came across our stern, and poured her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her. I found it in vain, and in short impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success; I therefore struck."

The whole of Britain rung with the news of this desperate engagement, and not less excitement was caused by the affair in France. Jones was received with the highest honours at the French court, decorations of various kinds being conferred upon him in succession. He planned immediately afterwards various hostile enterprises against Great Britain; but the American States were too poor to follow out all his plans, and the French government were afraid of retaliation from Great Britain. In 1781, Jones went to America, where he was received with much honour. Franklin was already his friend, and Washington distinguished him highly. Preparations were made for giving him an important command at sea, but obstacles always came in the way to prevent his elevation to the place he merited, until at length the war closed between the colonies and the mother country. He then received a mission to the Danish

court from the States, in which he displayed his wonted ability.

Paul Jones had now acquired too honourable a name to be left long unemployed in the stirring times to which we allude. After various turns of fortune, he was invited to Russia by the Empress Catherine, and received there the rank of rear-admiral, with a command in the fleet acting against the Turks on the Black Sea. Jones served the Russians with great ability, and particularly distinguished himself in a campaign on the Liman in 1788; but Potemkin, the Prince of Nassau, and other individuals high in the Russian service, grew jealous of the low-born adventurer, and injured him in the estimation of Catherine. He was unjustly accused of crimes of an infamous nature; and it is said that the British officers in the employ of Russia also used their influence effectually against Jones, some of them threatening, according to accounts, to throw up their commissions, if a man who had fought against his country were allowed to remain in the same service with them. Jones wrote a narrative of his campaign on the Liman, which proves beyond all doubt the superiority of his character and the extent of his talents. His brilliant qualities proved unavailing against private animosity, and he was dismissed from the Russian service with a nominal pension, and some deceptive marks of approbation.

Before this happened, he had defended himself like a man of sense and conscious integrity, and we quote one passage in proof of this from a letter to the Empress Catherine: "Her Imperial Majesty had, it seems, at some former period, civilly expressed a desire to see his journal of the American war. 'The old spirit was not yet quite subdued.' 'I have added,' he says, 'some testimonies of the high and unanimous consideration of the United States, and of the private esteem with which I was honoured by several great men to whom I am perfectly known, such as M. Malesherbes and the Count d'Estaing of France, and Mr Morris, minister of the American marine. I owe to my own reputation and to truth, to accompany this journal with an abridgment of that of the campaign of the Liman. If you, madam, read it with attention, you will see how little I have deserved the mortifications I have suffered—mortifications which the justice and goodness of your majesty can alone make me forget. As I never offended in word or thought against the laws of the strictest delicacy, it would assuredly be most desirable to me to have the happiness of regaining, in spite of the malice of my enemies, the precious esteem of your majesty. I would have taken leave with a heart fully satisfied, had I been sent to fight the enemies of the empress, instead of occupying myself with my own private affairs.'"

After leaving the Russian service, Paul Jones spent the greater part of his remaining days, which were not lengthened, in Paris, where he died on the 18th of July, 1792, of an attack of dropsy. His conduct, during the few opportunities offered to him in the American and Russian service, show him to have been one of those men who compose the class of heroes. He had all the spirit and all the talent which, under favourable circumstances, present to the world Bonapartes and Nelsons. The chivalrous nature of the man could scarcely be developed to a full extent in a sketch so brief; but the following lines, selected from a considerable number which he wrote, and addressed to a lady who complimented him, will in part prove that he was no petty pirate or buccaner—no lover of rapine for rapine's sake—but a man who acted through life upon high convictions of the moral grandeur of the cause for which he drew his sword.

"Insulted freedom bled—I felt her cause,
And drew my sword to vindicate her laws,
From principle, and not from vain applause.
I've done my best; self-interest far apart,
And self-reproach a stranger to my heart;
My zeal still prompts, ambitious to pursue
The foe, ye fair! of liberty and you:
Grateful for praise, spontaneous and unbought,
A generous people's love not meanly sought;
To merit this, and bend the knee to beauty,
Shall be my earliest and my latest duty."

THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

Literature is apt to form a dangerous and discontenting pursuit, even for an amateur. But for him whose rank and worldly comforts depend on it, who does not live to write, but writes to live, its difficulties and perils are fearfully increased. Few spectacles are more afflictive than that of such a man, so gifted and so fated, so jostled and tossed to and fro in the rude bustle of life, the buffetings of which he is so little fitted to endure. Cherishing, it may be, the loftiest thoughts, and clogged with the meanest wants; of pure and holy purposes, yet ever driven from the straight path by the pressure of necessity or the impulse of passion; thirsting for glory, and frequently in want of daily bread; hovering between the empyrean of his fancy and the squalid desert of reality; cramped and foiled in his most strenuous exertions, dissatisfied with his best performances, disgusted with his fortune—this man of letters too often spends his weary days in conflicts with obscure misery; harassed, chagrined, debased, or maddened—the victim at once of tragedy and farce—the last forlorn outpost in the war of mind against matter. Many are the noble souls that have perished bitterly, with their tasks unfinished, under corroding woes! Some in utter famine, like Otway; some in dark insanity, like Cowper and Collins; some, like Chatterton, have sought out a more

stern quietus, and turning their indignant steps away from a world which refused them welcome, have taken refuge in that strong fortress, where poverty, and cold neglect, and the "thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to," could not reach them any more.—*Caroline's Life of Schiller.*

ON SEEING SOME WORK-HORSES IN A PARK ON A SUNDAY.

'Tis Sabbath day—the poor man walks
Blithe from his cottage door,
And to his prattling young ones talks,
As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,
From his week's toil released;
And jocund is each little boy
To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,
Where the grass grows rich and high,
A no less merry Sabbath band
Of horses meet my eye.

Poor skinny beasts! that go all week
With loads of earth and stones,
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,
Hard work and cudgel'd bones;

But now let loose to rove atwath
The farmer's clover lea,
With whisking tails, and jump and snort,
They speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks,
Some look like brothers dear;
Others are full of flings and kicks,
Antics uncouth and queer.

One tumbles wild from side to side,
With hoofs tow'd to the sun,
Cooling his old grey seamy hide,
And making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 'twas to see,
On this bright Sabbath day,
Man and his beasts alike set free
To take some harmless play;

And how their joys were near the same—
The same in show, at least—
Hinting that we may sometimes claim
Too much above the beast.

If like in joys, beasts surely must
Be like in sufferings too,
And we can not be right or just,
To treat them as we do.

Thus did God's day serve as a span
All things to bind together,
And make the humble brute to man
A patient pleading brother.

Oh, if to us, one precious thing,
And not to them, is given,
Kindness to them will be a wing
To carry it on to heaven!

August 1841.

R. C.

MENTAL DERANGEMENT FROM INTOXICATION.

The drunkard injures and enfeebles his own nervous system, and entails mental disease upon his family. His daughters are nervous and hysterical; his sons are weak, wayward, eccentric, and sink insane under the pressure of excitement, of some unforeseen exigency, or of the ordinary calls of duty. This heritage may be the result of a ruined and diseased constitution, but is much more likely to proceed from that long-continued nervous excitement, in which pleasure was sought in the alternate exaltation of sentiment and oblivion, which exhausted and wore out the mental powers, and ultimately produced imbecility and paralysis, both attributable to disease of the substance of the brain. How far the monomania of inebriety is itself a disease, and may be more the development, the consummation, than the commencement of a hereditary tendency to derangement, this is not the place to point out; but there is every reason to believe that it not only acts upon, and renders more deleterious, whatever latent taint may exist, but vitiates or impairs the sources of health for several generations. That the effects of drunkenness are highly inimical to a permanent healthy state of the brain, is often proved at a great distance of time from the course of intemperance, and long after the adoption of regular habits. Some time since, I was called upon to treat a remarkably fine boy about sixteen years old, among whose relations no case of derangement could be pointed out, and for whose sudden malady no cause could be assigned except puberty and a single glass of spirits. His father, however, had been a confirmed drunkard; was subject to the delirium and depression following inebriety, and died of delirium tremens. The boy recovered. His case presented many points of interest. His head increased rapidly, and the two hemispheres were of unequal size. The disease was intermittent; the patient passing a week in furious incoherent madness, and the succeeding week in perfect tranquillity and consciousness. These states were separated or connected by a short and profound sleep or lethargy, differing altogether from the patient's ordinary sleep, and recognised by him as the culminating point of his disorder. At present I have two patients who appear to inherit a tendency to unhealthy action of the brain from mothers addicted to drinking; and another, an idiot, whose father was a drunkard.—*Dr Brown on Hereditary Tendency to Insanity in Phrenological Journal.*

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